

The Tombstone Epitaph.

VOL. III.—NO. 44.

TOMBSTONE, COCHISE COUNTY, ARIZONA, MAY 6, 1882.

FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR.

WEEKLY EPITAPH.

TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA, MAY 6, 1882.

NEW MANAGEMENT.

The EPITAPH has changed hands and the new management has but a few words to say as to the proposed policy in its future conduct. It will be devoted entirely to the interests of the people of Cochise county and the Territory at large, and in advocating those interests will not allow its utterances to emanate from spite or be colored by personal friendship. What is true will be stated with no regard to consequences; what is false will be exposed without fear. No journal can attach itself to a clique and wield any influence for good; therefore the EPITAPH will travel in the broad field of impartiality, neither favoring nor hating any individual for individual reasons. In politics the paper will be democratic, supporting the nominees of the party in this county and territory, unswervingly and uncompromisingly to the end. It is necessary to state, however, in this connection, that the EPITAPH will not be submerged in politics, but will be devoted mainly to a dissemination of news and an exposition of legitimate resources; and it may be relied upon that political affiliations will neither alter the news nor locate the resources.

Hitherto it seems to have been thought best by the local press to assert Tombstone to be a place abandoned to lawlessness and shotgun rule. In future, its actual peace and quietude will be maintained by the EPITAPH, so that its growth may not be retarded at the expense of the business interests of its inhabitants. Facts will be stated as they exist and not be tortured into sensational romances that can only, in the conveyance of false impressions, work injury to this community.

Offensive personalities will not be indulged in, even in self-defense.

Premising all this, physical and moral support are solicited.

THE INDIANS.

This last outbreak of the Indians is daily proving to be more and more serious. Accounts and rumors of massacres and the destruction and plunder of property are being brought in almost hourly, and there seems to be no check. The military force is apparently accomplishing nothing, and yet the savages are operating in close proximity to the troops. It seems there is but one course left to pursue. The residents of the Territory must protect themselves in the application of a remedy that will prove effectual and lasting. The time has come when there should be no hesitation but prompt and vigorous action. It is proven that the troops are worse than useless, probably because few in number, and in fact their presence has been detrimental to the interests of the Territory for the reason that the people have depended upon them for protection. Had there been no military and no Indian agents, the Apache problem in Arizona would have been settled long ago by the Territorial government. Money would have been appropriated by the legislature and, in an emergency like the present, men enured to the hardships of a frontier country and accustomed to the habits of the Indians could have been thrown into the field upon a moment's notice; men who would have followed the savages to their lairs whether in Arizona or Mexico. The people in this Territory have depended upon the general government for defense, and it has been found to be a broken reed. The policy of the United States in handling the Indian question has for years been demonstrated to be a miserable failure, and yet there has been no change, for the obvious reason that the present arrangement enriches a few officials and contractors. Men, women and children are outwitted, tortured and their bodies horribly mutilated, fortunes are wrecked and families left destitute, yet the government of a great and powerful country, the paramount duty of which it is to protect its people, coddles in effect, "that this thing must go on so that the members of the Indian ring may not be offended nor the sentimental sensitiveness of our religious friends shocked. It is horrible. The business of the whole Territory is becoming paralyzed, and the mines deserted. All the industries of the country are suffering, and capital is being diverted from important and numerous investments. Certainly something should be done, and at

once. The citizens of Tucson have met and determined upon raising a company of civilians to take the field; the people of Phoenix have offered a company of militia; and last night the residents of Tombstone held a meeting and determined upon corresponding action. These are moves in the right direction, but the carrying out of the plans determined upon require money. We believe it would be economy for the business men of the Territory to raise the necessary amount, in the fact that a quelling of the Indian outbreak will result in a restoration of prosperity and trade that is now being seriously crippled. We submit, however, that it is useless to put men in the field unless it is proposed to keep them there until the power of the savages to do evil is broken forever. An understanding with the local government of Sonora can be easily and at once arrived at, so that the boundary line may not prove a barrier to the administration of justice. The general governments move too slowly to be consulted, and affairs are too urgent to permit the interference of technicalities. The Mexicans are equal sufferers with ourselves, and would be only too glad to co-operate. It is to be hoped that some plan of action may be determined upon without delay.

IMPRESSIONS.

The Gunsight Consolidated Mining Company, has issued the April number of the Arizona Quarterly. It is principally filled with illustrations of the Gunsight property as it is expected to appear five years from now. There is a cut of United States District Attorney Pomeroy which makes that illustrious self-made patriot resemble an accidental evolution from a barber and a chamber-maid. The Quarterly is full of fine humor; witness its advocacy of B. F. Bivens as Arizona's next Representative in Congress. Only a mind crammed with a gilt-edged sense of the ridiculous could conceive the idea of a chronic bible-sharp going to Congress.

A mining lunatic by the name of Van Buren has been running a muck across the country and making reports almost appalling in their magnitude and magnificence. He found a tin mine ten miles from Tucson, a mountain of chloride of gold farther south, a wonderful platinum mine attached to a convenient bed of remarkable fire-clay, a lode of grey cinnabar out of which can be ladled an inexhaustible quantity of quick-silver, and a long succession of gold mines, each of which contains millions in sight. We believe all this, but when he tells us that he went over to the Gunsight, or any other mine, and obtained an average assay result of \$939.35 per ton across 42 feet in width at the bottom of a 200-foot shaft, we are constrained to pronounce Van Buren a most infernal-fictionist.

Since the sale and purchase of the EPITAPH was determined upon, there have been many curious and nonsensical rumors as to the future purpose of the paper. Those rumors have tied it to the coat-tails of a dozen different individuals, and proclaimed it intended as an organ for some particular faction. It seems almost ridiculous to contradict conclusions so absurd, but as the EPITAPH is to be carried on as a business proposition, perhaps it is due the public to define its position. Therefore be it understood, that it will endeavor only to give a complete and reliable summary of current happenings and local and general views, and render just and impartial editorial comments upon existing or past events. There will be no effort to force adverse political beliefs upon those who differ with the political policy of the paper, and all patrons will be treated exactly alike in business matters. Courtesy will be the rule in this office, and all work given it attended to promptly and faithfully. No quarrel will be invited and none suffered. The best interests of the city and county will be uniformly advocated, according to our light, and should we be proven mistaken we shall at once cheerfully retract. The EPITAPH will keep aloof from the petty antagonisms of cliques, and politically will support a party, not individuals. The public is asked to watch the course of the paper closely, and it will assuredly prove itself to be conducted solely in the interests of the people and the country.

Fred Brooks, of the Grand Hotel, has a voice like an Oregon hurricane.

THE WAR.

Captain Hurst, in his speech yesterday morning, suggested that Delegate Oury be telegraphed to urge upon the government the sending of five regiments of troops to engage in the campaign against the hostile Indians. We beg leave to suggest that before Mr. Oury could accomplish anything, and he certainly will at all times do all he can, the Apache war would be so entangled in red tape that it would be impossible to find an end to unravel the situation. Captain Hurst is an army officer and a good one, and he must be aware that the control of the United States troops rests in the General of the army. A telegram sent to General Sherman, that officer is disposed to aid us, should have the effect of bringing all the soldiers necessary to the seat of war. But there is no time even for such a course. There is but one way to put an end to the rapine and murder committed by the savages, and that is to exterminate or permanently subdue them. It is demonstrated that the general government, by reason of its mistaken policy, is powerless. The legislature of the Territory is not in session and, therefore, there are only the people left to act, and if anything is done they must act at once. Money is needed, but there can be no doubt that what money may be advanced in such a cause will be refunded by act of the legislature out of the Territorial fund. The Governor has already asserted his desire to throw all the weight of the Executive chair in favor of a refunding of all incurred expenses. It seems to us that if the mine owners and business men of the Territory or the different counties should advance the funds needed to equip and arm a sufficient force of men to hunt down the Indians, that there could be no possible chance of the money not being refunded with a reasonable interest. If anything substantial is done in Tombstone, it will be accomplished within the next two days.

Secretary Teller, of the Interior Department, is apparently working in the direction of a change of policy in the treatment of the Indians. He believes there has been too much mercy shown a race of people whose instincts are to rob and murder, and who gratify their fiendish inclinations whenever an opportunity presents itself. He also expresses himself strongly and sensibly upon the practice of allowing the Indians upon the reservations to possess arms and ammunition. The Secretary says: "There is no game for them to hunt; we feed them and we must continue to feed them until they can support themselves. Why should we allow them to ride about with repeating rifles and breech-loading carbines? They furnish only a means and a temptation to murder." All this is exactly true and it is a matter for congratulation that the head of the Interior Department has both common sense and an idea of justice. As he is a western man he probably speaks from experience. The Indians should by all means be disarmed, but it is necessary first to catch them and just now it looks as though the savages are kicking up their heels in a delightful sense of security. The trouble in the past has been that the Indians, when hard pushed, find an asylum at the reservations, and they are as hard to identify as Chinamen. While being fed by the Indian agents they are gentle looking creatures, and there is no necessity for disarming them for they never carry any weapons. The firearms of the tribe, while being recruited by the Government, are invariably concealed in some safe place in the mountains convenient of access at the annual spring outbreak.

The English government has handed the Indian question with the only method deserving applause and respect. They are treated well so long as they behave themselves, but when they mutiny there is no lack of money and men until the hostile tribe is whipped into subjection, and all the belligerent chiefs killed or hung.

The old management of the EPITAPH published twenty-seven obituary notices, of various sizes, before it finally died. The smallest would have been sufficient. We shall aid in keeping its grave green.

YESTERDAY a largely attended meeting was held in front of the Grand hotel, called to discuss the Indian question, and it will probably result in the raising of a force of

men to take the field at once. Pima county furnishes seventy-five men, and Pinal twenty-five. This is as it should be, and if the proper energy is displayed the civilians will soon put an end to the Apache war. All the counties should join in furnishing the necessary money, proportionate to the financial ability of each, though the men be raised in those sections of the country nearest the seat of war. The outbreak of the savages seriously affects the whole Territory in its effect upon the general prosperity resulting from the reputation given us abroad, and the financial depression will be felt by all alike. The reply of the Supervisors of Yavapai county to an appeal for assistance was thoughtful, ill-timed and inconsiderate. Further, it was selfish in refusing aid to suffering sister counties on the bare plea that being in perfect safety themselves the county did not feel justified in appropriating any money for the general good.

Governor Tritle has missed a golden opportunity and proven himself incompetent to act in any great emergency. He has called meetings and sought advice, when he should have announced himself a leader and directed action. If he had issued a proclamation and asked the people of Arizona to follow him against the hostile Indians, there would have been an immediate and enthusiastic response in men and money. But his course has been hesitating and vacillating in the extreme, and a suffering people are being crowded to the wall of desperation. Should the civilian force be organized let the fight go on to the bitter end until the story of the boy Stanislaus Mestas is forgotten in stern compensation.

Reports and rumors are almost hourly coming into this office of depredations and outrages committed by the savages. Some of them are authentic and others dubious. It is dangerous to any reliable source to say that the Indians are operating in the fifteen miles of Tombstone is determined beyond a doubt. The mass of the people of Tombstone are anxious to do something, but the lack of means deters them. The mine owners, however, it was Whitmore. The first man to have in sight was Williams, the sorrel ponies pacing for dear life down Main street, but he went on towards home, neither looking to the right nor the left, and has not shown up since on this side of the mountains. Next came Wall and Brown, not quite so fast, and with features cast in a funeral expression. There were instruments of music in the buggy, but they emitted no sound, and your correspondent has an idea there was but little music in the soul of either partner. All this time we were getting dry, and the bar-keeper disgusted. Such is life in the far west—a mingling of hope and more disappointments. Later in the evening we learned the cause of all this commotion. It seems Mr. Whitmore understood the terms to be \$3250 instead of \$32,500. Only a slight difference—very little for the boys to look so glum over—but still they could not see it in that light, and are still in a state of bitter disgust.

Official Correspondence.

The following characteristic letter and the reply has reached this office: COTTAGE GROVE, OREGON, April 10, 1882.

P. M. Castle, Dome Landing, A. T.: DEAR SIR—Will you answer my letter and give me the information I will ask you for and oblige. What is the population of your town, and what are your surroundings in the way of resources of wealth? How is the climate for health, society, etc.? Have you any doctors, and what kind of a location have you for a doctor of twenty years experience? Will give reference if you desire. Is your climate dry? I wish to go to a dry, mild climate for my health. Too wet in Oregon for health.

Yours, &c., GEORGE CHESTER.

To which the P. M. makes answer as follows: To a doctor of twenty years experience, Cottage Grove, Oregon:

MY DEAR SIR—Your esteemed favor of April 10th is at hand, requesting information as to this section of the country. As to surroundings, I would reply that we are surrounded on the west by the Colorado river, a beautiful lake, and on the east and south we are generally surrounded by a sand-storm and one, the north by rocks. The population of our town is variable. I have known there to be as high as 300 people here in the morning and not more than sixteen or seventeen at night, the difference being generally occasioned by the approach of the sheriff or a vigilance committee. Our resources of wealth are varied and attractive. I know one man with a cow and calf and a branding iron to raise 300 head of stock in one year. This, however, was an exceptional instance; at least he

Capt. Hurst's compliment to Delegate Oury is deserved by the latter. Never before has Arizona had a more efficient Delegate nor one more alive to the needs of the people. Mr. Oury is winning many encomiums on all sides, because it is recognized that he is doing his whole duty.

When the Republican organs of the Pacific slope and President Arthur kiss and make friends, we speak for reserved seats.

Captain Witcher, while on his way from Deadwood, D. T., to Chamberlain lately, had his bull team stampeded by Sioux, and sixteen head of cattle killed by arrows.

From Mayers District.

ALLEN CITY, MEYERS DIST. (April 17th, 1882.)

EDITOR EPITAPH—Since my last, written to you at Yuma, matters and things in general have been running along very smoothly. B. T. Russell is back again at his post, looking much better for his passage to the Golden State. The Gunsight company is having their steam hoisting works put in place, and, in the meantime, work is being pushed on the new shaft as fast as three shifts and a horse-whim can carry it down. The Mineral Belt contract is completed, making the two-compartment shaft 200 feet deep, with a fine body of ore exposed. The president and secretary are expected here on the 20th to decide on future developments, and what kind of reduction works will be needed, with a view of ordering the same immediately. Superintendent Dowling, of the Burro Burro mine, is back again. Part of the timber for the shaft on that mine has arrived and the balance is en route from Gila Bend. Times look lively about the Burro Burro. Wall & Brown have the walls of their new adobe store up above the doors and windows. They expect to move in about the first of June. J. A. Whitmore, of Tucson, paid the district another visit last week, and I hear, bonded several mines. In connection with his visit the boys off duty had quite a lively time for one day. It seems that Wall, Brown and Williams had bonded their copper mines (nine locations) to Whitmore as they supposed for \$32,500. The time was up and Mr. Whitmore told them he would take the mines and to meet him at the Gunsight office at 4 p. m., sign papers and get the cash. Consequently the boys felt kindly toward their fellow man. Early in the morning Williams came spinning around with his pacing ponies, a broad smile on his face, and at Pete's saloon said: "Boys, take a drink," and the boys drank. From there they adjourned to Allen's, and Williams once more observed, "Boys, let's drink," and they repeated for an hour or two. Soon after dinner, Wall and Brown, with their black and grey trotting team, arrived from Papago city, and they each in his turn said, "Boys, take a drink," and so on till 4 o'clock. At that hour the boys were advised to get their money, and the remainder of the day they kept themselves busy repairing for a lively trade when the capital came back. But man proposes and, as a rule, God disposes. This time, however, it was Whitmore. The first man to have in sight was Williams, the sorrel ponies pacing for dear life down Main street, but he went on towards home, neither looking to the right nor the left, and has not shown up since on this side of the mountains. Next came Wall and Brown, not quite so fast, and with features cast in a funeral expression. There were instruments of music in the buggy, but they emitted no sound, and your correspondent has an idea there was but little music in the soul of either partner. All this time we were getting dry, and the bar-keeper disgusted. Such is life in the far west—a mingling of hope and more disappointments. Later in the evening we learned the cause of all this commotion. It seems Mr. Whitmore understood the terms to be \$3250 instead of \$32,500. Only a slight difference—very little for the boys to look so glum over—but still they could not see it in that light, and are still in a state of bitter disgust.

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EDITOR EPITAPH—Since my last, written to you at Yuma, matters and things in general have been running along very smoothly. B. T. Russell is back again at his post, looking much better for his passage to the Golden State. The Gunsight company is having their steam hoisting works put in place, and, in the meantime, work is being pushed on the new shaft as fast as three shifts and a horse-whim can carry it down. The Mineral Belt contract is completed, making the two-compartment shaft 200 feet deep, with a fine body of ore exposed. The president and secretary are expected here on the 20th to decide on future developments, and what kind of reduction works will be needed, with a view of ordering the same immediately. Superintendent Dowling, of the Burro Burro mine, is back again. Part of the timber for the shaft on that mine has arrived and the balance is en route from Gila Bend. Times look lively about the Burro Burro. Wall & Brown have the walls of their new adobe store up above the doors and windows. They expect to move in about the first of June. J. A. Whitmore, of Tucson, paid the district another visit last week, and I hear, bonded several mines. In connection with his visit the boys off duty had quite a lively time for one day. It seems that Wall, Brown and Williams had bonded their copper mines (nine locations) to Whitmore as they supposed for \$32,500. The time was up and Mr. Whitmore told them he would take the mines and to meet him at the Gunsight office at 4 p. m., sign papers and get the cash. Consequently the boys felt kindly toward their fellow man. Early in the morning Williams came spinning around with his pacing ponies, a broad smile on his face, and at Pete's saloon said: "Boys, take a drink," and the boys drank. From there they adjourned to Allen's, and Williams once more observed, "Boys, let's drink," and they repeated for an hour or two. Soon after dinner, Wall and Brown, with their black and grey trotting team, arrived from Papago city, and they each in his turn said, "Boys, take a drink," and so on till 4 o'clock. At that hour the boys were advised to get their money, and the remainder of the day they kept themselves busy repairing for a lively trade when the capital came back. But man proposes and, as a rule, God disposes. This time, however, it was Whitmore. The first man to have in sight was Williams, the sorrel ponies pacing for dear life down Main street, but he went on towards home, neither looking to the right nor the left, and has not shown up since on this side of the mountains. Next came Wall and Brown, not quite so fast, and with features cast in a funeral expression. There were instruments of music in the buggy, but they emitted no sound, and your correspondent has an idea there was but little music in the soul of either partner. All this time we were getting dry, and the bar-keeper disgusted. Such is life in the far west—a mingling of hope and more disappointments. Later in the evening we learned the cause of all this commotion. It seems Mr. Whitmore understood the terms to be \$3250 instead of \$32,500. Only a slight difference—very little for the boys to look so glum over—but still they could not see it in that light, and are still in a state of bitter disgust.

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